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"When Skies Are Gray."

(A Rondeau.)

WHEN skies are gray and Summer's light
Has faded from the land, the knight,
November, comes with lance in rest
And visor down; a cruel quest
He rides upon; his glance is blight.

Swift as the winds his steed, and bright
His sword, as sunbeams when they smite
A path through storm-clouds in the West,
When skies are gray.

Crimson and gold, the leaves took flight
At Autumn's whisper; but his might
Blasts field and wood; his sable crest
Nods death to all; for none may wrest
His empire from him, his by right,
When skies are gray.

DANIEL V. CASEY.

A Summer in Europe.

BY A. B.

I.—THE OCEAN VOYAGE.



WHAT a peculiarly disagreeable sensation it gives one to be reproachfully glared at, day after day, by a growing pile of unanswered letters—big, bulky letters from valued correspondents who expect equally bulky replies, and who are probably accusing one of unpardonable neglect because the replies have not already reached them! Such an experience has been the writer's during the past few weeks, and to it must be attributed both his present unsatisfactory frame of mind and the

brilliant idea that has just occurred to him. Why not expeditiously settle a number of epistolary claims by sending an occasional letter to the SCHOLASTIC, and then referring to its columns all my creditors in the matter of correspondence, assuring them that they will find therein full information on the only subject about which they can reasonably expect me to write, at least for several months to come,—my summer in Europe.

And what a supremely glorious summer it was! The realization of a thousand day-dreams,—a vision of delight in anticipation, a thing of beauty throughout its passage, and a joy forever in the retrospect! Ten brimming weeks of life and light and glowing movement, of changing skies and heaving ocean, of storied shrines and famous cities, of modern splendor and ancient ruins, of the noblest monuments reared by man and the fairest landscapes traced by his Maker,—yes, it was a glorious holiday, and recompensed a hundredfold the previous industry that had made it possible!

My exclamation points, however, are growing numerous. Perhaps I had better heed the French injunction, and "moderate my transports," lest I degenerate presently into the emotional hyperbole of the gushing damsel who furnished an anti-climax to our first ocean sunset. "O my," she shrilly exclaimed, "ain't it just too *ecstatically* gorgeous for anything!"

To be quite prosaic, then, the summer was a most enjoyable one; and not the least pleasant portion of it was the ten days' trip across the Atlantic, from Halifax to London. Ten days may appear an unduly long period for the passage, especially in this epoch of "ocean greyhounds" and broken records; but as we were travelling for pleasure, and not on business, an extra day or two upon the billowy

deep was a matter of congratulation rather than regret. Indeed, had our programme of continental sight-seeing admitted of the delay, we would readily have consented to the prolongation of the voyage for an additional week.

To the tired brain-worker, there is surely no other form of summer recreation so thoroughly grateful as ocean travel. Where else can the nervously-exhausted professional man, the worn-out college lecturer, or the weary "knight of the quill" enjoy repose so complete, luxuriate in idleness at once so perfect and so healthful, as on the mighty expanse that stretches away from the New World to the Old? If the best vacation (for the man who really needs one) is that which affords the fullest change from his ordinary life—change of air and diet and ideas and scenery and people—what transition can compare with that from lecture-room or study to the breezy deck of a handsome liner gracefully gliding through summer seas!

"All very well," interjects some biliously incredulous reader, "but what about seasickness?" Seasickness, my dyspeptic friend! Why, the malady is old-fashioned, out of date, obsolete. At the very least it is no longer an inevitable, but merely an optional, concomitant of life on the bounding wave. In the lexicon of the prudent ocean-traveller, strong in the resources of the American druggist, there is no such word as *mal de mer*. When you purpose crossing the Atlantic, nowadays, you provide yourself with a bottle of Elixir Prophylactic, manufactured by the Brush Chemical Company of Boston; you take a dose every three hours on the day before sailing; and, your internal economy absolutely undisturbed by pitch or roll, you sleep with the tranquillity of the veriest Jack Tar, and eat with an appetite that Jack would blush to acknowledge.

Such, at least, was my experience. Yet, lest any reader should feel inclined to quote: "He jests at scars, who never felt a wound," let me say that the quotation would be the reverse of apposite. I *have* felt the wound of the baleful *mal de mer*. It was years ago, on the Bay of Fundy; but I preserve a very vivid remembrance of the ineffable misery and utter wretchedness of my condition during that first encounter with the sea. It taught me that there is very little exaggeration in Mark Twain's comment on the malady: "For the first ten minutes you're afraid you're going to die; after that, you're afraid you're *not*"; and it put me in thorough sympathy with the English traveller, who, as he leaned over the side of the

ship in a perfect paroxysm of retching, was boisterously accosted by a fellow-passenger with: "Hello, friend, are you sick?"—"Why, you bloomin' (whoo-oo-oo-oop), you bloomin' idiot," was the response, "you don't suppose I'm doing this for *fun*, do you?"

No; there is no fun in seasickness, even in its mildest form; but for one who is impervious to its attacks, there is a world of pleasure and exhilaration and delicious rest in a voyage across the ocean. O the luxury of reclining at full length in an adjustable steamer-chair on the sunny side of the saloon deck, and noting, between puffs of your postprandial cigar, the ever-varying aspects of the multitudinous blue-black wavelets dancing away on every hand to join the engirdling sky! The full, deep draughts of life and vigor that one drinks in while briskly promenading, in the early morning when the breezes blow fresh and the pearly tints of dawn are lost in a flood of golden glory as the sun emerges from the eastern waters! The sense of incomparable beauty that captivates and enthralls one's being when

"the moon is on high,

Hung like a gem on the brow of the sky,"

and the gaze wanders from the myriad star-jets that flash their radiance athwart the azure vault above to the phosphorescent glow that fitfully gleams in the troubled wake of the coursing ship!

Boundless sky and water day after day and night after night; but what infinite variety of expression in both immensities, alternately thrilling the soul with a realization of the sublime, and steeping the sense in a spell of loveliness! And to think that there are mortals so hopelessly prosaic as to complain, even on their first ocean voyage, of tedious monotony, and sigh for the unattainable daily paper! Thank Heaven! they were not represented in the muster-roll of passengers on board the *Halifax City*,—possibly because the roll was not a very long one. No; our score and a half of fellow-voyagers were a cultured body; and although some no longer found in ocean sights and sounds the attraction of novelty that accentuated the pleasure of the greater number, none proved insensible to the manifold charms of magic sunsets and starlit nights and the soft, strong melody of the rolling waves.

Our route lay across the northern Atlantic, and we were consequently treated more than once to the impressive sight of those majestic rovers from the Arctic seas, the icebergs. Most of the gigantic masses were from two or three to

eight or ten miles away; but even at this latter distance, several of them loomed up like lofty-spired cathedrals, or the battlemented castles of feudal days. Of one we had a nearer view. It lay directly in our course, and our helmsman sheered off merely enough to allow the steamer to pass it in safety. A perfectly symmetrical quadrangular pyramid, measuring fully one hundred feet from apex to visible base, its dazzlingly white surface glittered and flashed in the morning sunshine as though it were some colossal monolith reared to the memory of the hardy vikings who swept of old the Atlantic's bosom and sank to rest beneath its billows.

Even had inanimate nature appealed less strongly to our sense of the beautiful, the voyage would still have proved a delightful experience. Our company was an eminently sociable one; and, a day or two sufficing to become acquainted with one another, we were thenceforward merely a large family-party, each member of which genially contributed to the general fund of mirth, diversion, and daily pastimes. There were shuffle-board and ring-tossing tournaments on deck, concerts and pool-auctions and cards in the saloon, protracted conversaziones (with fabulous yarns) in the cozy smoking-room, witty sallies and gay repartees at lunch and dinner,—and, everywhere, a spirit of cordial, frank good-fellowship that was simply irresistible.

Occasional brief annoyances occurred, of course, to disturb the serenity of our habitual good-humor, and remind us that life, even on the ocean, is never wholly free from shadows. One of our shadows was a too, too precious boy of mine, a child most unequivocally spoiled by injudicious parents; and another was a diminutive maid of three, dowered by nature with the temper of a Xanthippe and a yell as piercing as a locomotive's whistle. Whenever this latter sweet cherub began to manifest her vehement disapproval of the existing condition of things in general, we invariably retreated beyond the range of her vocal organ; but the spoiled boy's exasperating rudeness was not so easily shunned. He was ubiquitous and irrepressible.

At least, he was irrepressible for three or four days. One afternoon, however, when he invaded the smoking-room, playfully emptied several match-boxes into the spittoons, denuded two or three novels of covers and title-pages, and, discovering the chessmen, began to whittle kings, queens, and knights into uniform

size with pawns, two of the smokers invited the precious child to have some fun with them. They smilingly insisted on testing the elasticity of his ears, the solidity of his muscles, and the resisting power of his hair; and so impressed him with the peculiar character of the "fun" he might expect whenever he visited the smoking-room, that for the remainder of the voyage the misguided youth gave that apartment a wide berth,—and his disciplinarians earned our cordial gratitude.

And now the voyage is evidently nearing its completion. With increasing frequency we sight full-rigged ships, and stately barques, and graceful schooners, and mammoth steamers whose triple funnels belch forth dense black clouds that stretch away, a darkened trail, for miles behind them,—and we hardly need the captain's assurance that we have entered the English Channel. We are not extravagantly everjoyed at the sight of land; are half sorry, rather, that the trip is almost at an end. We have fallen in love with life on the ocean, and are loath even now to bid it good-bye.

As we pass the Eddystone Lighthouse, Miss R., the charming young Irish girl whose mellow laugh is a musical treat worth listening to, deploras the fact that, although she has not been ill a single moment, she will never be able to convince her friends at home of her immunity from the *mal de mer*. Some one suggests that she should procure a bill of health; and an hour later, she rejoices in the possession of a legal-looking document to which are affixed the signatures of captain, officers, and passengers.

It certifies that she "has, throughout the passage, been absolutely and indisputably free from any and every kind, sort, variety, species, or description of seasickness,—a fact the truth of which has been made superabundantly manifest by the above-mentioned young lady's invariable sprightliness, activity, and imperturbable geniality; and furthermore corroborated by the robustness of the said young lady's appetite at breakfast, lunch, and dinner,—not to mention sundry supernumerary and incidental 'snacks' at other periods of the day."

Here, however, in quick succession, are Portland Bill, the Isle of Wight, Brighton, and Beachy Head. We steam by night through the Straits of Dover, the lights on the French coast visible in the distance; pass Ramsgate and Margate in the early morning; enter the busy, but unlovely Thames; and a few hours later are lying at Victoria Docks in the greatest city that the world can show us—London.

Varsity Verse.

WHAT MARS IS DOING.

When down in the West sinks the Sun-god to rest,
 In the East there uprises old Mars,
 Who watches the fight with the greatest delight
 'Twixt the Chinese and Japanese stars.

N. E. C.

VACATION.

O time of greatest joy and pleasure sweet,
 How ardently all youths do long for thee;
 Thou art their heart's desire and they feel free
 When thou dost end their troubles. It is meet
 That they look forward longingly and greet
 The welcome time in which the moments flee,
 As clouds before the wind. They all agree
 That thou shouldst bring them joy without deceit.

O sweet vacation! of thy many joys
 The greatest is the meeting of the dear
 And loving parents, brothers, sisters, all,
 The visiting of places which, while boys,
 We frequented; but now for many a year
 We have not seen or given them a call.

G. F. P.

A BALLADE OF NIGHT.

Ah! e'en as I watch them, the forests of gold
 That stretch afar off as a sea in my sight,
 And seem to foretell that the snow and the cold
 Will soon come to cover the whole land with white;
 These too fade away in the gloom of the night,
 When sunlight's last ray lingers low in the west;
 When stars in their joy fill the heavens with light;
 When nature is sleeping, and man is at rest.

The sweet evening Angelus long since has tolled
 The death-knell of day; and the moon, calm and bright,
 Sails silently on in its pathway of old
 And drifts through the dark, dreary clouds in its flight,
 As some snow-white swan, that is fleeing with fright,
 Glides in 'mong the rushes. These hours I love best;
 For then there's no longing for wealth or for might,
 When nature is sleeping, and man is at rest.

The mantle of stillness doth calmly enfold
 The slumbering cities. Ah! then, 'tis delight
 To wander about 'neath the stars; to behold
 The world while it sleeps; for the faint sounds unite,
 That come from the forests, and sing like a sprite
 That hums a sweet lullaby. Thoughts that oppressed
 My mind pass away; and all wrong becomes right
 When nature is sleeping, and man is at rest.

ENVOY.

Come with me, dear friends; for the scene will not blight
 The fairest of hopes; yet would I request
 That you will view with me this fair world to-night,
 When nature is sleeping, and man is at rest.

E. J. M.

"Now dally not with time, the wise man's treasure,
 Though fools are lavish on't—the fatal fisher
 Hooks souls, while we waste moments."

Henrik Ibsen.

BY EUSTACE CULLINAN, '95.

Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian poet and dramatist, has had a great vogue among the more highly educated circles of Europe and the United States; and his theories on social institutions have been warmly discussed and commented upon. He is one of the most famous of the authors of the present day.

All his works have been produced in the latter half of this century, and the best known of them since 1875. His early dramas were done in verse, and are said to be great poems, strong, terse, dramatic and with an interest that never flags. These, however, have not aroused as much interest in him as a few productions of maturer years, in which he propounds social problems of new and striking importance. In them he is entirely taken up with the subject. There is no attempt at metre or poetic beauty; everything, even the commonest and least pertinent remarks of everyday life, is introduced to make the scenes more realistic. His characters, as he says himself, I believe, are not so much persons as types of classes, and they have no thoughts that are not common to a whole class of men like themselves.

Consul Bernick is not any one in particular; he is a commercial and philanthropical fraud. Mrs. Alving is not the wife of Captain Alving, but a woman who still clings to the old-fashioned notions of the duty of wife toward husband. And if they had spoken in verse it would have seemed more like a miracle-play of the Middle Ages, when virtue and vice personified entered as *dramatis personæ*, than a bit of nineteenth century realism.

But, to return to the principal subject. His views on social subjects are directly antagonistic to the generally accepted opinions of men; but they are presented withal so powerfully that they force themselves upon our attention. It is a defect of many people that they philosophize on the history of dead nations, but never for a moment remember that the news of the morning is as much history as anything contained in the library of the British Museum. Ibsen brings this truth to mind most clearly.

In this time of strikes, of organized labor fighting with organized capital, of nihilist and anarchist agitation, of mushroom fortunes that are gathered in a night by the oppression of the

poor, when question upon question is returned by our legislators practically unanswered, men turn naturally to anyone who claims to have a means whereby their evils may be done away with. At any other stage of the world's existence, perhaps, Bellamy and Ibsen would have passed without notice. As it is, they are read with the most intense appreciation.

Behind the counter of an apothecary shop, in an obscure town of Norway, Ibsen began to meditate upon the thousand subjects of the day that drew the attention of the philosopher. And while still engaged with drugs and prescriptions he formed some of the conclusions that have found expression in "Ghosts," "The Pillars of Society" and other plays.

While he was yet a young man appeared his first tragedy, "Catilina," which was crude in many ways. The more finished ones that followed, as well as the many influences that helped to form his style, I shall not dwell upon. To do so would require a separate article.

At home in the small village where he passed his early life, Ibsen noted many things that disgusted him with the whole fabric of modern society. The religion of the town, as well as of the whole Scandinavian peninsula, was Lutheranism; but at heart the people were not religious. True, they said the traditional prayers, attended the traditional church, and professed the traditional belief of their fathers in which they had been brought up. But much of it was cant and hypocrisy, as prayer, morality, and religion must always be when practised unintelligently and without fervor. The spirit of faith which makes virtue real and strong had died out, and what was left was mere form and outward show. The syphilis of falsehood had attacked the very backbone of the whole structure. Respectability was the first of virtues. The owner of the manor-house went to church regularly and all the parish with him. Pious sentiments were uttered by a very respectable gentleman, and they were told in a hazy sort of way what they ought to do. But after all what did it all mean? No one knew and no one admitted that he did not know. Each man went home, and, if he felt like doing so, sinned as much as he pleased. But he always took good care to avoid public reproach; no one was openly shocked, and no one was hurt. Whose business is it if one injures himself? For his part, he felt comfortable and self-satisfied, and why should any one else feel otherwise?

Who can affirm that this is an isolated condi-

tion of society? Who can deny that the whole world is tainted with this dread disease, worse, if possible, than open scepticism and unbelief? Not that society is conscious of its own rottenness. If the "pillars of society" could only see themselves truly, there would be hope of reform. Perhaps Ibsen is aiming to show them their own reflection. Surely it is bad enough to move them to a change.

Ibsen, turned thus from religion by what he saw, beheld or fancied he beheld, at the same time, men of intelligence who thought as he did, still clinging blindly to the old forms out of respect to public opinion. In "Rosmersholm" he portrays a case of this kind:

Pastor Rosmer, a retired minister, has for several years had doubts concerning his religious belief. At length he determines to openly acknowledge that he is no longer a member of his church. He has also transferred his political sympathies to the radical party. At the opening of the play he summons up courage enough to tell his old friend, Rector Kroll, of the change in his opinions. Kroll is a violent conservative, and an estrangement is the result. Rosmer is scurrilously attacked in a paper controlled by Kroll. So shocked is he at this branding of himself before the public that he loses confidence in all his fanciful schemes for emancipating and ennobling mankind. He has not the courage of his convictions, and is driven to seek refuge by drowning in the mill-dam.

Here is a man who, having grown tired of the hollowness of the religion he professes, throws it off and accepts unbelief. The sympathy of the reader goes with the struggling minister, vainly seeking for the light; and when he enters at last into what he thinks to be truth and freedom, we cannot but sorrow with him that his plans have fallen through, his friends deserted him, and all hope of ever being of service to his fellow-men vanished.

Ibsen presents a problem to us. Rosmer, whom he takes as a type of a large class, has either to live a lie in the face of the world, or suffer for doing what he thinks right. He takes the second alternative. Granted that he does right, what else could he do? The dramatist suggests no other solution. He knows none. All religions are to him the same. He has found a similar condition of affairs existing in every country of northern Europe and perhaps in southern Europe also, and in despair he sets his face against every religion.

This is no place to expound the doctrines of the Catholic Church and show how all her

teachings contradict the assumptions of Ibsen regarding the views of morality held by her children. Little does he understand how warm and living is the faith that is in true Catholics. He is not the only thinker of the nineteenth century who has revolted against forms of worship from which all spiritual life has long departed and which preserve now merely the corpse of what was once, no doubt, a living creed. Of these, the greater, the more logical, the more fortunate, have found rest and satisfaction in the Roman Catholic Church, while the misguided ones now grope in the exterior darkness of agnosticism or scepticism.

Let me not be misunderstood. It is not a new thing, I am aware, to say that the Church can give the only answer to the questions of the day. We can say this, and it means nothing; we can say it again and it means everything. Here on earth evil indeed exists; the poor are wronged and the good suffer, while the wicked prosper. Wrongs there are—Ibsen knows it, Leo XIII. knows it, everyone knows it. Anarchy will not eradicate them; they will always exist; and we can look for redress nowhere but in a future life. The Church does, practically and in good earnest, present the only solution to Ibsen's problem. Her life is perennial and divine, and in her are none of the elements of decay.

Convinced that religion was an imposition and a hindrance, Ibsen directed his attention towards the political state of the world. His investigation was equally disheartening. In every country the state had absorbed the individual, and dwarfed him in his development by making his own interests subservient to the common weal.

In every kingdom citizens were obliged to waste five, six or seven of the best years of life, just when the greatest good is derived from influences of all kinds, educational, religious and social, in military service. And all this at a time of peace, when nothing was to be feared but the jealousies of the nations, one for another. As a consequence, also, of the maintenance of these vast standing armies, the taxes were everywhere exorbitant and oppressive; the people impoverished; the men who were needed to till the ground kept in idleness at the public expense. And of all this injustice and misery the state was the cause. Therefore, the state is an evil that should be abolished.

Flying from these scenes of state tyranny, as he judged it, Ibsen lived chiefly in the

smaller monarchies, Saxony and Bavaria in particular, where the political institutions still treated the individual as something more than a mere factor of an immense population. The state was a bugbear from which he was always trying to escape. He himself expresses his opinions on it in the following words contained in a letter to Georg Brandes:

"The state is the curse of the individual. How has the national strength of Prussia been purchased? By the sinking of the individual into a political and geographical formula. . . . The state must go. That will be a revolution which will find me on its side. Undermine the idea of the state; set up in its place spontaneous action and the idea that spiritual relationship is the only thing that makes for unity, and you will start the elements of a liberty which will be something worth possessing."

This, in brief, is the text upon which most of Ibsen's social preaching is built. And that there are great and crying evils of the kind he protests against no one can deny. But the only remedy he can see for the diseased condition of affairs is the total annihilation of the state as at present made up, and reconstruction of the whole fabric of society on entirely new lines. He does not attempt, in his plays, to suggest how these new lines are to run; he simply declares that everything, as it is now, is wrong, and that it is our duty to set it right.

This is well. But man has not yet reached that stage of evolution or improvement, or progress, or whatever you please to call it, when he will, of his own volition, obey the natural law and keep from breaking in upon his neighbor's rights. "Spontaneous action and the idea of spiritual relationship," if they mean anything at all, will not work so radical a change in human nature.

Moreover, the state, year after year, hinders the individual less and less; but the alteration has been brought about, and is still being completed, not by any sudden revolution, but by slow and natural steps. There will never come a time when rulers can be dispensed with. Kings, presidents or consuls—we must have them, if only as matters of convenience. We must bear with government—if for no other reason—because it is the less of two evils.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE heart can put on charms which no beauty of known things, nor imagination of the unknown, can aspire to emulate.

The Engineer's Story.

ARTHUR W. STACE.

I am a civil engineer and I work for the G. R. & N. M. railroad. A couple of years ago, in the latter part of August, Burt Earl, who was then next below me, and myself, were sent to Burock, a lumbering town on the Malden division of the road. We were to run a spur track from Burock, to tap a belt of timber land about two miles west of the town.

We arrived at Burock on a Thursday evening, and the next morning we engaged a section hand, a young Irishman named Mike Shanahan, for our chainman, and started in to work. On Sunday we slept all morning, and in the afternoon, to pass away the time, we went fishing. There was a trout stream about a mile from the town, and to this Mike piloted us. We followed the stream down, and had such good luck that we did not notice how far we had gone or how long we had been fishing till, being admonished by my inner self that it was supper time, I looked at my watch and found that it was after six o'clock. I called to the other fellows, and we packed our rods at once and prepared to return. We did not know how far we had come, but we thought we were not more than a couple of miles from the town. Mike was certain he could take us straight home by a short cut, so we told him to lead and we followed.

The woods were already growing dark, so we started off at a good round pace, as we knew from experience that it was no joke to get caught in the woods after dark. We should have reached the town in a short time; but it grew darker and darker and still there was no sign of the town. As we went hurrying along in Indian file, I was suddenly brought to a stand-still by running into Mike who had stopped short. When we recovered ourselves we found that we were on the bank of a small lake, and in the dusk Mike had almost run into it. You can imagine our feelings when Mike coolly told us that he hadn't the least idea where we were, and that he had never seen the lake before. It was growing dark so rapidly that it was out of the question to try to find the town. We must make the best of a bad bargain, so we started out to find a place in which to camp for the night. We followed the lake around, and in a few minutes we came upon a small clearing, in the centre of which

stood a deserted lumber camp. The place had only recently been deserted, for we found everything in good repair. Here we concluded to spend the night. We were all used to roughing it, and made ourselves at once at home. While Mike made a fire and cooked some of the trout, Earl and I went out and gathered pine boughs with which to make beds. After eating our fish supper we sat around the fire, smoking to keep the mosquitoes away and told fish and other stories.

About nine o'clock, Mike went out to get a drink. He had only got outside when he yelled for us to come out. We ran out and found him looking over toward the other side of the clearing. Our eyes turned the same way, and away off over the forest we saw a bright red glow in the sky. We thought it was only some barn burning, but Mike said that it was the woods on fire. As there was no wind blowing, none of us had the slightest suspicion of danger. After looking at the reflection for some time we went inside, and lying down on our pine beds, we were soon in the land of dreams.

I was awakened once in the night by the door blowing open. I got up and closed it, and noticed that the wind was blowing rather strongly. I soon dropped off to sleep again. My dreams were rudely shattered by Mike who was shaking me and shouting at the top of his voice: "Wake up! Wake up, Ed, the fire's coming this way!" I was up and out in a second. I shall never forget the sight that met my eyes when I got outside. A quarter of a mile beyond the clearing I saw a roaring mass of flames leaping high in the air and rushing towards us at a terrific rate, urged on by the wind which had now risen to a gale. Sparks and cinders were falling all around us and the heated air was black with smoke. "Run for the lake," Earl cried; and at the word we started for the shore. Drawn up on the shore we found a flat-bottomed scow, left, very likely, by the woodsmen when they deserted the camp. It was still watertight, and, shoving it out, we jumped into it. We found an old board in it which we used for a paddle. We made for the opposite shore, and Earl and I were foolish enough to want to go across and try to outstrip the fire. Mike had seen a forest fire before and would not let us do it; for he said we would never be able to outrun a fire, travelling at such a rate. The lake was about half a mile in diameter and we were soon in the centre of it. Here we stopped and watched the coming mass of flames.

It was the grandest, but the most terrifying sight I have ever seen. The flames roared, and tossed in the gale and literally leaped from tree to tree. Before we knew it the fire had reached the clearing, set the camp on fire and was on both sides of the lake. Tongues of flame stretched far out over the water as if trying to reach us. The air had now become scorching hot, and we were almost smothered by the smoke. Sparks fell hissing into the water around us and even into the boat. A large brand fell on my hand and burned it, and that accounts for this scar. It was too much for human nature to stand, and with one accord we jumped overboard into the lake. To our surprise we found the water not more than three or four feet deep and with a firm sandy bottom. We ducked under the water and stayed under as long as possible; but when we came up to breathe it was worse than ever. The boat was fast drifting away when Earl cried out: "Let's turn the boat over and get under it!" It was no sooner said than done, and in a couple of minutes we had the boat over and we were under it. We had to remain in a very uncomfortable position and the water was quite cool; but it was a relief from the scorching air and we were content. It soon grew warm and close, and we heard sparks and brands falling on the boat. Mike dove out and dashed water over the boat and got back as soon as he could. He said it was terrible outside and that several large brands had been blazing on the boat. In a few minutes I went out. I shall never forget what I saw when I got the water out of my eyes. The fire was all around the lake, and it seemed as if we were in a ring of fire. The heat was terrible; it was like an oven. My skin cracked and the smoke made my eyes smart. Putting out several large sparks I got under the boat as quickly as possible, but not quick enough to escape being burned rather severely by falling sparks. After that we took turns in dashing water over the boat.

We were all badly scorched and lost some hair, but in the excitement we scarcely noticed our burns. Before long the water grew quite warm, the air under the boat became close and suffocating. We were weakened by standing in the water and were almost dying for want of air. Poor Earl was the first to give out. I saw him slowly sinking back into the water and grabbed him, and held him till Mike got hold of him on the other side. Together we succeeded in holding him up. I pulled off my coat, made a rope of it, and got it under his

arms and tied the sleeves around one of the seats of the boat. This helped to hold him up a little, but all the time one of us had to support him, while the other at frequent intervals had to dash water on the boat. Every minute seemed an age. I do not see how we ever lived through it. Time and again I felt like giving up the struggle, but still I managed to keep up. Hanging on to Earl, who was now unconscious, we blindly prayed for aid. After a terribly long time the sparks ceased to fall, and the wind was cooler. I was just ready to give up when, on going out to throw water on the boat, I felt a cool drop on my head. Turning my face up I found that it was raining. Diving under the boat I told Mike and both together we loosened Earl and got him outside. The rain refreshed us, and we could now breathe more freely, as the wind blew the smoke in gusts and it was not so warm. We were so weak we could hardly support Earl. I saw the boat beginning to drift away and letting Mike hold Earl I grabbed the boat and tried to turn it over. I had a job in doing it, but finally got it over and bailed some of the water out of it with my hat. Then we tried to get Earl in. Mike got in and pulled, and I lifted him as best I could and we succeeded in tumbling him over the side. I could hardly get in myself, but with Mike's assistance I did so.

The rain was coming down in torrents and it put new life into us. Tearing up one of the seats we used it as a paddle, and paddled to where the camp had stood. We ran the boat on the shore, and then we lay down in the bottom of the boat utterly worn out. I did not mind the rain in the least and in a minute I was fast asleep. I do not know how long I had been asleep when I awoke to find a crowd of woodsmen around us. We were lying in a couple of inches of water and it was still raining. The woodsmen helped Mike and myself out; but poor Earl was still insensible and had to be lifted. I was so sore and weak that I could hardly stand, but a big drink of whiskey strengthened me.

The town had been saved by the clearing around it, and as soon as the rain had put out the fire, a searching party had set out to look for us, and by a lucky chance, one party had gone directly to the deserted camp and there had found us. The men knocked the boat to pieces and improvised a rude litter on which they carried Earl. Mike and I were able to walk, supported by a woodsman on either side. In this way we set off to the town three miles away.

The tramp in the rain, through the ashes and over half-burned logs, was a dreary one, but we were only too thankful to escape alive. At last we reached the town, where we received every attention. Mike and I, after a long rest, were all right, except that we were covered with burns and had lost most of our hair. Earl was not so fortunate, and before that night he was raving in the delirium of brain fever. For three weeks he lay between life and death, but the doctors finally pulled him through. The survey was never completed; the fire had swept away all the timber which the spur was intended to tap, and Earl and I were ordered to another division within a month.

Book Reviews.

THEORETICAL MECHANICS—FLUIDS, J. E. Taylor, M. A., Longmans, Green & Co.: New York.

This little volume, recently added to the long list of Longmans' Elementary Science Manuals, is one intended by the author to give students a thorough drill and preparation in the elementary principles of the "Mechanics of Fluids." The introductory chapters treat briefly of motion, force, centre of gravity, properties of matter, work and energy. The definitions of these terms are first given in language not too difficult to be understood by the average student, and then, which is especially to be commended, each principle is followed by illustrations and practical examples, thus enabling the student to acquire a more complete knowledge of these elementary principles of mechanics than can be obtained by any other means. The subjects, Hydrostatics and Pneumatics, are so fully and clearly developed that one who studies these topics, as presented in this little volume, will be well prepared to continue the work as laid down in the more advanced text-books.

Nothing adds so much to the value of any text-book on science, especially mechanics, as clearness, conciseness and illustrations. The author of this little work evidently understands these qualifications. He aims to be simple; yet his language is sufficiently scientific for the subject of which he treats. The illustrations are many; and added to these are five hundred examples of various grades, the solution of which gives the student an opportunity to apply the principles developed in the text. The paper and binding are of the usual high order of excellence characteristic of the work done by Longmans & Co.

—*Scribner's* is always a surprise, even to its "constant readers." It is the apostle of novelty in magazine making, and one always picks it up with a comfortable feeling that here, at least, he will find something new, timely, out of the ordinary. In the November number Julian Ralph, perhaps the best known "special correspondent" in America, writes, in an intensely interesting way, of "Election Night in a Newspaper Office." Mr. Ralph was born a newspaper man, and his vivid pictures of the scenes in and about the editor's room on the evening of the first Wednesday in November are almost photographic in their realism. The illustrations are by B. West Clinedinst who here makes his bow, we believe, to the magazine public. In his second article on "English Railways," Col. H. G. Prout gives some interesting glimpses of the life of the engineers, porters and guards who move the trains. Prof. N. S. Shaler's article on "The Horse" is peculiarly valuable because it is written by a specialist who does not forget that technical terms are, very often, Greek to the ordinary reader.

The fiction of the number shows a decided tendency towards realism. "True Pictures Among the Poor" are sympathetic sketches of life in the tenement districts. The writers, Robert Howell Russell, William T. Elsing, James Barnes and Edward W. Touse, know whereof they speak, and they carefully avoid anything that savors of the romantic. "The King of the Currumpaw" is the life-history, remarkable because true, of a huge wolf, who defied, for years, every effort of the New Mexican ranchmen to kill or capture him. It reads like a fairy tale, and one feels really sorry for the old hero, when his love for Blanca, his mate, leads him to captivity and death. Of the other articles, "The Third Relief," by George I. Putnam, is a rather weak and colorless incident of army life. The November "Point of View" is especially good. Two of the four miniature essays recall the piquant wit and lightness of touch of E. S. Martin, whose "Windfalls of Observation" comforted and edified the old and young last year.

—*The Photographic Times* is intended, of course, for the knights of the camera, but even the "rank outsider" can find pleasure and profit in its well-written articles and beautiful photogravures. The frontispiece, "On the Wharfe," is a fine reproduction of a photograph by John Naylor. There are articles on "Solarization," "The Subject," "Defects in Amateurs and Apparatus," "Toning with Uranium" and "Gold, Silver, and Platinum in Photography," valuable alike to amateur and professional.

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—It was with pleasure that we noticed how Religion, Art and Literature combined, in the memorial services of October 31, to offer a tribute of love and respect to the memory of our Founder, Father Sorin.

—The Rev. President very appropriately remarked, at the reading of the Bulletins last week, that the official announcement of each student's class-standing was not to be regarded as a mere formality, or a thing perfunctorily performed. Nor was its object to humiliate those who had failed to obtain a high percentage, but to serve rather as an incentive to better efforts. May the desired result be obtained!

—Let those whose enthusiasm hurried them on to append their names to the volunteer subscription list, in behalf of the Athletic Fund, come forward and substantially prove the genuineness of their intent. It is too early in life, boys, to act the rôle of those who, while they do a great deal of talking and advising how things ought to be done, seldom give a hand to anything, and, as a rule, subscribe more than they pay.

—The Rt. Rev. John Lancaster Spalding will, we are glad to announce, lecture for the students of the University on the eve of Thanksgiving Day.

It is unnecessary to praise Bishop Spalding's lectures. They have passed beyond the regions of praise; they are accepted by cultivated Americans as unique in scholarship and admirable in expression. Bishop Spalding is, to-day, the first literary representative of the Catholic Church in the United States. Of all men,—if one may judge by his utterances,—he is the manliest; of all writers, the most sincere, and of our philosophers, one of the most profound and best equipped. His "Education and the Higher Life" is already an American classic; his "Things of the Mind," just issued, is a ripper and fuller expression of noble thoughts and aspirations. In this book, John Lancaster Spalding gives round and full utterance to thoughts that with Carlyle, Ruskin and Emerson, are inarticulate, because they knew neither how to believe nor to love; they lacked faith and, consequently, a knowledge of the divine charity that illumines the world. Probably, no words better give the character of this great man than these from "Things of the Mind": "When the high hope and thought of youth remain real and living in the mature man, the result is a great and noble character."

Bishop Spalding is a man who retains the "long, long thoughts," and the enthusiasm of youth for higher things. He divines that beneath the outward materialism of the American people lie the springs of the higher life. Emerson knew this; Lincoln knew this; but Spalding knows it better and sees it more clearly than these men.

To follow him is to follow the motto "excelsus;" to read his works is to breathe the rarer atmosphere of an ideal land; to hear him is an event which the students of '94 will remember well in the future; and to treasure his wisdom is to become each day more of a man. To be his disciple is to begin to make a man of oneself; and a man is not born, but made by himself with striving and hope. To hate the low and the vile, to love the good, at all risks, is the lesson Bishop Spalding teaches by his life and work. The highest prudence with him is the most lucid sincerity. "What gives pleasure," he says, in "Things of the Mind," "is of little moment; what gives power and wisdom is all important." These words, we may be sure, will be the key-note of the lecture on Thanksgiving eve; and it will be only the callous and the careless who will not profit by the words of one of the greatest priests, the most profound philosophers and the finest poets of our time.

Doctor Holmes.

It seems as though we are about to enter the twilight of American literature. All our most famous writers are dying with the century. Of that great New England school, so renowned in our history, not one is now left us. Emerson, the poet and essayist; Longfellow, who sang so sweetly the songs of the hearth and of the human heart; Whittier, that stern old Quaker, whose muse would out, and Lowell, the diplomatist, essayist, poet, truly great in each,—all have answered the last summons, and are now quietly sleeping in their lowly beds. On a calm New England Sunday, while the church bells about him were ringing a sad requiem, Doctor Holmes, the last of the great New England group, closed his earthly career and joined his departed brethren in another life. We look about us in vain to discover men who will fill the places of those who are dead. They are gone; the brilliancy of our literary firmament has been dimmed, and America will have to wait for at least another generation before she can recover from the literary losses she has sustained in this.

The kindly, genial doctor of Cambridge has peacefully closed his long life, and he has left a void in the hearts of his numberless admirers, which can never be filled by another. No more shall the people of Cambridge see Oliver Wendell Holmes,—their most honored citizen—pursuing his accustomed way along their streets! The grave has hidden him from view; but he has left that behind him which will never die. The children of his brain are destined for an immortal life. While the name of America survives, or one American breathes, his name will be held in the highest respect and veneration. His works will live; they will always remain with us. That was the ambition that inspired him; that was the motive that spurred him on to higher efforts,—to leave after him something which time could not destroy.

The life of Holmes was the ideal one of the man of letters. It was, in a manner, quiet and secluded; but by no means was it that of a recluse. Surrounded by a few choice companions and all the material comforts the heart could desire, he enjoyed life to its fullest extent. No great, or unusual sorrow disturbed the calm tranquillity of his being. The fates allotted to him a rare degree of happiness and success.

He gained the applause and esteem of a nation; the whole world was his friend. So optimistic was his nature, bubbling over with good spirits, and always seeing the sunny side first, that he could have almost lived in a solitude, perfectly contented. We do not first think of him as the poet, or as the essayist, or as the novelist, but as the man. His kindness of heart, his sweet temper, the gentle disposition that was able to produce the feeling of friendliness and good-fellowship wherever it went,—these are the qualities that will always distinguish him especially among all our American authors.

The versatility of Holmes was remarkable. He is great in three distinct lines of literary labor. He is famous both as a poet and a writer of prose, and it is difficult to decide in which he excels the most. His verses, although they are few in number and none are of any great length, appeal directly to the feelings and sympathies of men. His poetic fire was not of the highly spiritual order; he never attempted anything very lofty or sublime; he was content to remain with us on earth, and to ennoble by his art that which is taking place about us every day of our life. The delicate pathos and humor of "The Last Leaf" is a good example of his great power. His humor is always elevating and of the highest order, and by simple little touches, here and there, he causes the heart to soften and the eye to moisten from pure sympathy.

But, without doubt, it will be as the "Autocrat" that we will the longest and the most lovingly remember. When will ever such another keen, witty, sprightly companion of the breakfast table be found? As autocrat, as professor, as poet he is charming. His simplicity was his especial characteristic. He writes just as he would speak. There is nothing forced or unnatural in his conversations. One is at times almost tempted to answer him as though he were at one's elbow. There are no deep philosophical dissertations; he had something to say, and he said it in a straightforward, highly interesting manner. His wit and humor he uses with brilliant effect. His satire never leaves a sting behind it. It goes straight to its mark; but there is never a sore spot to tell where it struck.

As a novelist, Holmes was also noted, and he carried on all his labors in literature in addition to his work in his chosen profession. It

seems that love of literature was born in him, and he pursued it as a sort of recreation after the ordinary business of the day had been done. He was never so busy that he could not find time to pay some attention to the demands of society. But now, alas, the great change has come! The "last leaf" has silently fluttered to the ground and thousands of hearts are mourning its loss.

Ovide Musin at Notre Dame.

Our college theatre has often re-echoed with loud and prolonged applause given to musicians whose proficiency in their art elicited from the audience well-merited acknowledgment. It has been our rare privilege to admire the genius of Remenyi and other celebrities; and year after year our Lecture Committee has given evidence of its good taste and discretion in inviting musicians and vocalists of superior talent to display their powers upon our stage. Enjoyable, however, as were the *musicales* of former years, we doubt if any of them excelled that given during the week by the famed Musin and his troop.

When on Wednesday afternoon the Faculty, students and visitors filed into Washington Hall, all were convinced that the entertainment they came to witness would be a rare treat. And the result proved that the expectations of all fell short of the reality. The performers were artists; their performance was artistic.

The star of the entertainment was Ovide Musin, the violin virtuoso of American and transatlantic fame. The selections he rendered called into play the utmost skill and perfect *technique* of the master. His graceful manner of bowing, the flexibility, rapidity and accuracy of his fingering, his sureness in striking the flageolet notes, his ease and grace of posture—all bespoke the born artist. One may without fear of objection rank Mr. Musin with Sarasate and Joachim, the two most proficient modern violinists. The violin is of all musical instruments the most difficult to play. It takes long years of arduous practice before the learner acquires any noteworthy degree of facility. But, then, no other instrument yields to the artist's efforts such satisfactory results. Mr. Musin has thoroughly mastered the violin; he has perfect control over it; he can elicit from it an accurate rendition of the most intricate passages. Such variety of melody, such richness of harmony, such truth of interpretation!

One point in Mr. Musin's playing especially aroused enthusiasm among the audience, the downward *staccato* in his Tyrolian *encore* piece. The perfect rendering of this movement alone may be considered a criterion of the artist's admirable *technique*.

Mr. Edward Scharf, the solo pianist, opened the concert with a difficult selection in which he fully showed his art. His exquisite dexterity and delicate fineness of touch convinced all hearers that he deserves his reputation as a performer on the instrument which was the source of renown gained by von Bechstein, Ibach and Steinway.

Mr. F. W. Elliott did not fulfil the expectations which the audience had centred upon him. He was suffering from a severe cold and, in consequence, floundered noticeably in his attempt to reach the high C. His voice, however, is certainly a good one, and were we to judge him by his passable rendition of the Kermesse from "Faust," despite his indisposition, we would say Mr. Elliott is a tenor of no mean ability.

Madame Musin, the "American Nightingale," pleased the audience with her purity of tone and richness of vocalization. Her voice is of an exceedingly light *timbre*, but her execution and method are of the best. She sang the Aria from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba" very creditably, and her other selections were also warmly received.

Miss Bessie Bonsall held the audience completely spell-bound. Such a wondrous contralto voice we have never yet had an opportunity to hear. She by far outdid the other singers, and we should have liked to listen to her more frequently. The perfect ease which she evidenced in her singing, the charming modulation of her carefully trained voice, delighted all whose fortune it was to be within earshot. Her first number was a lullaby. This artistic production she rendered magnificently, and in it displayed her marvellous powers as a vocalist. To some her bearing upon the stage during the singing of this piece may have appeared stiff, but it was in keeping with the character of the music. Her voice blended sweetly with that of the soprano. Both adapted their acting to the nature of their selections, and charmed the audience with the gracefulness of their carriage.

The "Laughing Trio" by Martini, rendered by Madame Musin, Miss Bonsall and Mr. Elliott at the conclusion of the entertainment, was a "roaring" success. The demeanor of the singers, so expressive of the witchery of

this composition, electrified the audience. With one accord they retained their seats and called for a second rendition of the superb song.

The concert had about it nothing stiff and formal. The performers used no voluminous tomes of music, and there was an agreeable absence of dress-coats and stage-sweeping trains. We extend cordial thanks to the musicians and vocalists for the readiness with which they responded to our *encores*. Throughout the entire entertainment, the music was of a high character. There was an agreeable interchange of classical masterpieces and old folk-songs. The evening which it was our pleasure to spend with Mr. Musin and his troop was one exceedingly delightful to all.

B. R. P.

Exchanges.

It is with a feeling of regret that we notice in the editorial and exchange columns of some of our contemporaries a decided leaning towards literary Philistinism. This finds expression chiefly in a careless choice of words. Slang is used, not because it is especially happy in expressing a delicate shade of thought, or is particularly forcible, but rather because it is a convenient substitute for more careful diction. Would that we could impress upon the writers of these columns the following words of Agnes Reppelier: "For every sentence that may be penned or spoken the right words exist. They lie concealed in the inexhaustible wealth of a vocabulary enriched by centuries of noble thought and delicate manipulation. He who does not find them and fit them into place, who accepts the first term that presents itself rather than search for the expression which accurately and beautifully embodies his meaning, aspires to mediocrity and is content with failure. The exquisite adjustment of a word to its significance, and the generous sympathy of a word with its surroundings—these are the twin perfections which constitute style and substantiate genius."

The last issue of *Res Academicæ* contains an editorial upon the action of Captain Hinckey in the football game between Yale and Williams. In it the writer attempts a defence of what, in our opinion, was a bit of downright rowdyism—the kicking of Beard. We concede to the *Res* that some players are naturally lazy and must be brought to work perforce; but we will not admit that this justifies the captain in

using other than gentlemanly measures towards such delinquents. Let it be understood that a failure to respond readily to the captain's orders will end in a forfeiture of place, and, we are sure, prompt obedience will be secured.

The St. John's University Record, hailing from Collegeville, Minnesota, has a very clever article entitled "Conversation." We cannot help thinking from the berating given to "professional punsters, hobby-riders, egotists and singers of their own praise, and appropriately all those addicted to the deplorable vice of cracking stereotyped antediluvian jokes," that the author has had a sad experience. We sympathize with him, and hope henceforth "his lines may be cast in pleasant places."

Personals.

—J. H. Shillington (Com'l), '94, is at present in the Chicago Office of the Anchor Steamship Line. He intends to return to the University next session.

—M. M. White (Law '88), has been elected County Attorney of Ida County, Iowa. We congratulate him on his successful campaign, and assure the people of Ida that they could not have made a better choice.

—Father Van Pelt and Gilday, both of St. James', Chicago, and Father Dennison of St. Bernard's of the same city, were among the many visitors at the University lately. Notre Dame always feels honored when visited by the clergy, particularly those from the great metropolis of the West.

—Mr. Harry Prichard, B. S., a member of the graduating Class in '90, paid his *Alma Mater* a flying visit this week. On leaving college he became identified with the Charleston National Bank of Charleston, West Va., and now holds the position of cashier. He is a young man of keen business proclivities and sterling principles, which make him invaluable. The bank is to be congratulated upon the wise selection which it has made.

—Mr. Joseph Sibbel, the eminent modeller and sculptor of New York, paid a visit to Notre Dame Thursday morning. Mr. Sibbel made the colossal marble statue of Archbishop Feehan, which stands in the centre of the Chicago department of the Catholic Education Exhibit at the Columbian Exposition. The bust of the late Bishop of Brooklyn and the bass-relief of Bishop Hendricken in the Bishops' Memorial Hall are from Mr. Sibbels' atelier.

—The many friends of Rev. Joseph McManus, student '72-'75, will be pleased to learn that he

was lately made Dean of the Port Huron district by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Foley of Detroit. Father McManus is one of most popular clergymen of the Detroit diocese; and his promotion, while a source of edification to his parishioners and the Catholics of Port Huron, is but the natural consequence of his devotedness to duty. The SCHOLASTIC offers its best wishes to the Very Reverend Dean.

—We take much pleasure in copying an extract from the *Los Angeles Herald* in regard to Mr. McGarry (Law), '94, who rendered valuable assistance to the SCHOLASTIC during the last scholastic year. "M. J. McGarry, son of ex-councilman D. M. McGarry, was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court. Mr. McGarry passed a very creditable examination in Law at Notre Dame University, and was admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of Indiana. His office is in Room 30 Bryson Block." He is a hard and diligent worker, and this, aided by his tact and ability, will, no doubt, soon place him among the foremost lawyers of his native state.

Local Items.

—Who was flirting with the Count?

—Don't fail to join the Hand-Ball Association.

—The first snow of the season was welcomed by the students.

—FOUND—A pair of scissors. Owner apply at Students' Office.

—The Astronomy class took up the study of "Uranography" last Monday.

—The Carrolls were not so successful this year as last in procuring hickory nuts.

—There is a Carroll who wears a number 9, and he is not from Chicago, either.

—J. Devanney—Name omitted from the List of Excellence for Descriptive Geometry.

—The fat man says that he does not like to play football because the ball is made of pig-skin.

—The members of the Belles-Lettres class are discussing the influence of the essay in literature.

—For the past week the Criticism class has been looking into the construction of the exotic forms of verse.

—Glancing, Jim, at your note, we must confess that it *would stock* our columns to answer the mirage-query?

—LOST—A navy-blue sweater, with N. D. U. across the breast in yellow letters. Finder, please leave at the Students' Office.

—The other day *Das Kind* was trying to manufacture some new explosives. As a result he wears bandages on most of his fingers.

—The Columbians did not meet last Thursday

evening on account of the interest taken in the reorganization of the Temperance Society.

—Miss Mabel Sherwood, of Chicago, spent a few days at the University this week visiting her nephew, Robt. Catchpole of St. Edward's Hall.

—During the absence of Col. Hoynes in Chicago last week, Mr. James F. Kennedy lectured before the Law class on "Common Law Pleadings."

—Several new football suits have been procured by Bro. Hugh for the Athletic Association. They are a great improvement over the old ones both in padding and make.

—It is said that every night when the watchman goes through Sorin Hall, one of the brightest luminaries sticks his head under the pillow for fear the watchman might think there was a light in his room.

—Captain Miles, of the Carrolls, has had his men practising on the gridiron during the past week. They are in good condition now, and it is hoped that when they meet the Niles' team they will be victorious.

—We may expect a hot game with Albion Thanksgiving day. Last week she defeated Hillsdale 12 to 0. It was remarked by one who was present at the game that both teams played a far better and stronger game than when they were here.

—The Manager of the Wabash football team writes that they will play our eleven about the 15th of this month provided they have enough men left after the game with Purdue on the 10th. He says that they don't want to fix any definite date at present as their team may not be in a condition to play us.

—On Sunday evening last the Sorin Hall bulletins were read out in the chapel by Rev. Father French. The Rev. President also spoke a few words to the boys, complimenting them on their creditable showing, and pointing out what part the students of Sorin Hall were expected to take in the Jubilee commencement.

—It should be thoroughly understood that Athletics at Notre Dame are not wholly confined to football, nor yet to baseball; for while the inclement weather forbids both these sports, and the heroes of gridiron and diamond are lolling in their cold-weather haunts and recounting many glorious victories, there is great and increasing activity in the hand-ball alley. Rain, snow or shine the development of muscle and brawn goes impetuously on with Herculean proclivities.

—The Philodemics held their regular meeting Wednesday evening on the 7th, and the question, "Whether or not a military spirit should be encouraged in the United States," was ably discussed by Messrs. Walker and Shannon for the affirmative, and Messrs. Keough and Ryan for the negative. The exercises were very interesting and well received.

A good subject is on the tapis for the 14th, and it will be ably handled by Messrs. Murphy, Shannon, Casey and Prichard.

—Rev. Father French called a meeting of the Total Abstinence Society on the evening of the 1st inst. A large number attended. Officers were elected for the coming year: Vice-President, T. T. Cavanagh; Treasurer, William P. Burke; Secretary, Jas. Barry; Sergeant-at-Arms, R. B. Stack. The next meeting will be held on the first Sunday of December. The members are enthusiastic over the organization, and if their plans do not miscarry they will have one of the ablest orators in the country to address them soon on the subject nearest their hearts.

—On Saturday, Nov. 3d, the Law Debating Society held its third regular meeting in the Law room. The work of the evening was the debate on the question: "Resolved, That the medical profession confers more benefits on humanity than the legal." The subject was well handled by Messrs. Francis Keough and James McKee for the affirmative, and Thomas D. Mott and James Barrett for the negative. After a long and interesting discussion, in which many good arguments were brought forward by both sides, the judges decided in favor of the negative.

—On Thursday evening, the Carroll Hall division of the Temperance Society held its first regular meeting under the presidency of Rev. T. H. Corbett, who explained the object of the society. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, T. H. Corbett; Secretary, Joseph Sullivan; Treasurer, John V. Ducey; Sergeant-at-Arms, Jacob Reinhard. A large programme was mapped out for the next regular meeting, and, judging from present indications, it is safe to say that this branch of the University T. A. Society will surpass its predecessors in membership and active work.

—November third, the first anniversary of the solemn obsequies of our lamented Father Sorin, a life-size portrait bust of the great departed was unveiled in the Lemonnier Library. The bust is an excellent artistic effort, and the sculptor, Signor Alfredo Luzi, is to be congratulated on the success with which he has made permanent the familiar features of our loved Founder. The profile view of the bust is especially good. Signor Luzi is a Roman artist of renown. He modelled the busts of St. Paul and Father Sorin, which grace two of the niches of the University rotunda, and the bust of Monsignor Satolli in the Bishops' Memorial Hall.

—It looks as if Chicago University is afraid to meet our team on the gridiron. Their correspondent made a statement in the *Chicago Herald* to the effect that they would come down here about the middle of the month to give us a practice game. Almost immediately our Manager sent telegrams to Stagg, and asked him to fix the date of the promised *practice*

game. To the communication, he received no answer. Again several telegrams were sent, but no answer came. During this time several letters were received from Mr. Roby stating that the Chicago team would very likely come down here soon. Acting on this information, Manager Mott wrote a letter to Manager Stagg last week, but no reply has yet been received. If Mr. Stagg does not want his team to play here he should at least answer the telegrams and letters sent to him.

—On Monday evening the members of the Brownson Hall Hand-Ball Association met in the commercial room for the purpose of re-organizing the society. Wm. Fagan was made chairman *pro tem*. Startling motions were made and numerous rules and regulations adopted. Then the scramble for offices began, and the Hand-Ball Association has not held such a wild meeting in many a cold day. When the smoke cleared away the following officers were found to have been elected: President, Frank Hesse; Vice-President, Ralph Palmer; Treasurer, A. Corry; Secretary, Wm. Fagan; Director, Brother Hilarion; Critic, Chas. Montague; Umpire, Raymond O'Malley; Scorer, Thomas Finerty. The members of the Committee on Arrangements are E. Gilmartin, Joseph Ludwig, Richard Stack, Wm. Galen. The alley committee consists of Norwood Gibson, Bernard Weaver, G. Anson and O. McHugh.

—The following is the programme of the Band Concert to be given next Thursday for the benefit of the Athletic Association.

PROGRAMME:

PART I.

March—"Queen's Light Guards".....Thomas
"Bohemian Girl".....Balfe
Piccolo Solo—"Thro' the Air".....Damm
Mr. Oscar Schmidt

Gavotte—"Queen's".....Walter
"Comic Tattoo".....Myrelles
(A musical strike in which the players, becoming disgusted with the repetition of the same melody, gradually leave, and the leader is left alone with the bass drum, the drummer thereof having gone to join the strikers).

PART II.

Overture—"Band Union".....Southwell
Song and Dance—"Something to Adore".....Boos
Grand Concert Waltz—"Jolly Fellows".....Gressinger
Musical Smash Up—"Splinters".....Rollinson
(Everyone is anxious to play his favorite tune as "The Red, White and Blue," "Hail Columbia," "Cheer, Boys, Cheer" and other national melodies.)
March—"American Cadets".....Long

BETWEEN PARTS I. AND II.

Flute Solo with Auto Harp Accompaniment—"The Notre Dame Patrol".....Preston
Mr. Oscar Schmidt and Prof. Preston.

—On the 4th inst., the Special Eleven of St. Joseph's Hall defeated the Lowell Heights, of South Bend, in a well-contested game. The latter have been coached by Zeitler of the Varsity Eleven. Murphy and Neville made several long runs around the ends. The interference of the Hall boys was at times very good, but it was noticeable that they lacked coaching and

training. They scored four touch-downs and a safety, missing all of the goals. The interference of the Lowell Heights was poor; the backs being downed every time they undertook to go around the ends, and only three times did they get through the line. Gorman, Howard and Mortz did the best work for the Lowell Heights. The visiting team was considerably heavier than St. Joseph's team. At the end of the second half the score stood 18 to 0 in favor of St. Joseph's Hall. The following is the line up:

ST. JOSEPH'S HALL		LOWELL HEIGHTS
Grady	Right End	W. Neenan
Onzon	Right Tackle	Hoban
Smith	Right Guard	Talbot
Berry and Oberly	Centre	Mortz
Bukswell	Left Guard	Jones
Bouvens	Left Tackle	Howard
Sauter	Left End	Sullivan
Martin	Quarter Back	Chearhart
Neville	R. Half-Back	Hanley
McHugh	L. Half-Back	Gorman
Murphy	Full-Back	J. Neenan

—UNIVERSITY COURTS:—It is believed that practice in the different courts connected with the Law Department cannot fail to be highly beneficial to students in the prosecution of their legal studies, and to that end a fair share of time and attention will be given to practical work in the University Courts during the year. Early in the week these courts were organized in the order following:

MOOT COURT.

Hon. William J. Hoynes, Judge; Leigh F. Gibson, Clerk; James B. Barrett, Assistant-Clerk; James A. McKee, Prosecuting Attorney; Daniel P. Murphy, Assistant Prosecuting Attorney; Richard J. Halligan, Sheriff; Charles F. Steele, Deputy Sheriff; Dr. Ryell T. Miller, Coroner; Peter White, Jr., Referee; James J. Ryan, Notary Public; Alphonsus A. Heer and Arthur W. Stace, Reporters.

COURT OF CHANCERY.

Hon. William Hoynes, Chancellor; Oscar F. Schmidt, Clerk; Frank E. Stevens, Deputy-Clerk; Richard J. Halligan, Sheriff; William T. Flynn, Deputy Sheriff; Abraham B. Chidester and James J. Ryan, Masters in Chancery.

PROBATE COURT.

James F. Kennedy, Judge; M. F. Hennebry, Clerk; Charles Zeitler, Assistant Clerk.

JUSTICE'S COURT.

Francis D. Hennessy, Justice of the Peace; Francis M. Keough, Clerk; Harry A. Miller, Constable.

SUPREME COURT.

Hon. William Hoynes, Chief Justice; Hon. Lucius Hubbard and Hon. Abraham L. Brick, Associate Justices; John G. Mott, Clerk; A. J. Galen, Assistant Clerk.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT.

Hon. William Hoynes, Judge; Francis J. Onzon, Clerk; James H. Browne, Assistant

Clerk; Thomas D. Mott, Jr., U. S. District Attorney; Frank P. McManus, Assistant U. S. District Attorney; E. V. Chassaing, U. S. Marshal; Thos. J. Mapother, Assistant, U. S. Marshal.

UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER'S COURT.

Alphonsus A. Heer, Commissioner; George N. Anson, Clerk; W. R. Gillen, Assistant Clerk.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barrett, Barton, Burns, Casey, Cullinan, Devaney, Eyanson, Foley, Gibson, Hennessy, Kennedy, J. Mott, T. Mott, McKee, D. Murphy, J. Murphy, McManus, Murray, Oliver, Pritchard, Pulskamp, Quinlan, Ryan, Slevin, Shannon, Stace, Walker.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Arnold, Alber, Atcherton, Ainsworth, Anson, Baird, Browne, Barry, Byrne, Boland, W. P. Burke, W. J. Burke, Brinker, Bennet, Blanchard, Colvin, Corry, Craft, P. Campbell, Carney, T. Cavanagh, A. Campbell, Costello, Crilly, Cullen, J. Cavanagh, Dowd, Delaney, Follen, Fagan, Falvey, Gibson, Galen, Halligan, Hengen, A. Hanhauser, G. Hanhauser, Harrison, Herman, Howley, Hindel, Hierholzer, Hesse, J. T. Hogan, J. J. Hogan, Hodge, Hentges, Hennebry, Hanrahan, Jones, Kegler, E. Kaul, J. Kaul, F. Kaul, Kinsella, Karasynski, Landa, Lingenfelter, E. McCord, Monarch, Mathewson, Murphy, J. McCord, Medley, McHugh, H. Miller, S. Moore, Mulroney, Mapother, Moxley, J. Miller, McPhee, McKee, Masters, Manchester, B. Monahan, J. Monahan, A. Monahan, R. Monahan, J. Moore, Melter, Ney, O'Malley, O'Brien, Palmer, Pulskamp, Piquette, Quimby, Rowan, Reardon, Rosenthal, J. Ryan, R. Ryan, H. Roper, Schulte, Smith, Sheehan, Schultz, Scott, F. Smogor, C. Steele, S. Steele, Stack, Sullivan, C. Smogor, Stevens, Spalding, Spenkler, Thornton, Turner, Tinnen, G. Wilson, Walkowiak, H. Wilson, White, Weaver, Wensinger, Ward, Wilkin, Wachtler, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Austin, Bloomfield, Ball, Bartlett, Burns, R. Barry, J. Barry, Benz, Campau, Cannell, Connor, J. Corby, Corry, Cypher, Cullen, Ducey, Druecker, Danner, Erhart, Flynn, Forbing, Fennessey, Franey, Foley, Fitzgerald, Fox, J. Goldstein, T. Goldstein, Girsch, Gausepohl, Gainer, C. Heer, L. Heer, E. Heer, G. Higgins, E. Higgins, Howard, J. Hayes, L. Healy, W. Healy, Hoban, Herrara, Hagerty, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, A. Kasper, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Keefe, Konzon, Krug, Kirk, Lantry, Leonard, Lowery, Lane, W. Morris, F. Morris, Massey, Monahan, Monarch, Minnigerode, Miers, McShane, McPhillips, McCarthy, McKenzie, McPhee, McDonald, Plunket, Pendleton, Rockey, Reuss, Rauch, Roesing, Reinhard, Sachsels, Speake, Spillard, Shipp, Sheils, Stuhlfauth, Storey, Sheekey, Sullivan, Stearns, Strong, Smith, Tong, Tatman, Tuohy, Tempel, Underwood, Ward, Watterson, Wallace, Zwickel, Zitter.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Allyn, G. Abrahams, L. Abrahams, Audibert, Bullene, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Breslin, Brissanden, Barrett, Curry, Clarke, Cressy, Campau, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Catchpole, Corcoran, Cassidy, E. Dugas, G. Dugas, Dalton, Durand, Devine, Elliott, Egan, Fitzgerald, Finnerty, Goff, L. Garrity, M. Garrity, Hart, Hershey, B. Hesse, R. Hesse, F. Hesse, M. Jonquet, J. Jonquet, C. Kelly, L. Kelly, Kasper, Lawton, Leach, Morehouse, Moxley, McIntyre, R. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, McElroy, McMara, McCorry, B. Nye, Noonan, C. Nye, O'Neill, Paul, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Roesing, Ryan, Spillard, Sontag, Swan, Steele, Strauss, Sexton, Thomas, Thompson, E. Van Dyke, J. Van Dyke, Waite, Welch.